

THE
SIMILE:

OR,

WOMAN a CLOUD.

A

POEM.



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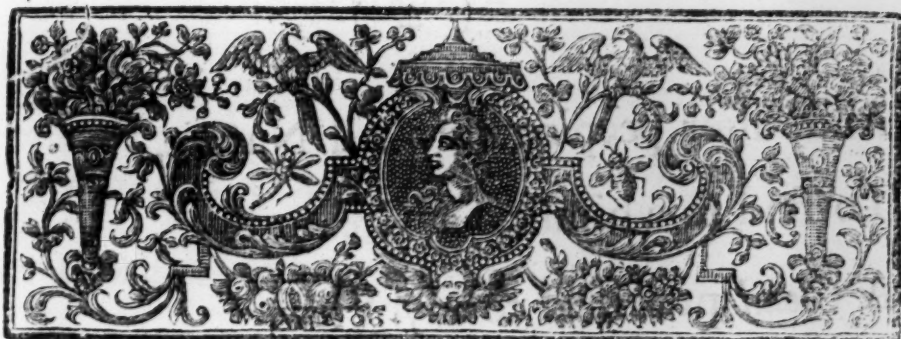
THE
S I M I L E

OR

WOMAN'S CHOICE

P O E M





THE
SIMILE:
OR,
WOMAN a CLOUD.



N vain I oft have try'd to find
A *Simile* for *Womankind*;
A *Simile* (I mean) to fit them,
In ev'ry Circumstance to hit them:
Thro' ev'ry Bird and Beast I went,
And ranfack'd ev'ry Element,

And

And, after peeping thro' all Nature,
 To find so whimsical a Creature,
 A *Cloud* presented to my View,
 And strait this Parallel I drew :

CLOUDS turn with ev'ry Wind about,
 And keep us in Suspence and Doubt;
 Yet oft perverse, like *Womankind*,
 Are seen to scud against the Wind :
 And are not *Women* just the same?
 For who can tell at what they aim?

CLOUDS keep the stoutest Mortals under,
 When, bellowing, they discharge their Thunder;
 So when the alarm Bell is rung,
 Of *Xanty's* everlasting Tongue,
 The Husband dreads its Loudness more
 Than Lightning's Flash, or Thunder's Roar.

CLOUDS

CLOUDS weep, as they do, without Pain;
 For what are Tears but *Woman's* Rain?
 The *Clouds* about the Welkin roam,
 And Ladies seldom stay at Home.
 The *Clouds* build Castles in the Air,
 A Thing peculiar to the Fair:
 For all the Schemes, of their forecasting,
 Are not more solid, or more lasting.

A CLOUD is light by Turns, and dark,
 Such is a Lady with her Spark:
 Now in a fullen, pouting Gloom,
 She seems to darken all the Room;
 Again she's pleas'd, his Fears beguil'd,
 And all is clear'd, when she has smil'd:
 In this they're wondrously alike,
 (I hope the *Simile* will strike)

B

Tho'

Tho' in the darkest Dumps you view 'em,
Stay but a Moment, you'll see thro' 'em,

A CLOUD is apt to make Reflection,
And frequently produce Infection;
Thus *Chloe*, with small Provocation,
Blasts ev'ry Neighbour's Reputation.

THE *Clouds* delight in gaudy Show,
For they, like Ladies, have their Beau;
The gravest Matron must confess,
That she herself is fond of Dress:
Observe the *Clouds* in Pomp array'd,
With various Colours are display'd;
The Pink, the Rose, the Violet Dye,
In that great Drawing-room the Sky;
How do these differ from our Graces,
In Garden Silks, Brocades, and Laces?

Are

Are they not such another Sight,
When met upon a Birth-day Night?

THE *Clouds* delight to change their Fashion,
(Dear Ladies be not in a Passion,
Nor let this Whim to you seem strange,
Who ev'ry Hour delight to change,)
In them and you alike are seen
The fullen Symptoms of the Spleen;
The Moment that your Vapours rise,
We see them dropping from your Eyes.

IN Ev'ning fair you may behold
The *Clouds* all fring'd with borrow'd Gold;
And this is many a Lady's Case,
Who flaunts about in borrow'd Lace:
Grave Matrons are like *Clouds* of Snow,
Their Words fall thick, and soft, and flow;

While

While brisk Comets, like rattling Hail,
Our Ears on ev'ry Side assail.

CLOUDS, when they interrupt our Sight,
Deprive us of celestial Light;
So when my *Celia* I pursue,
No Heav'n besides I have in View.

THUS, on Comparison, you see,
In ev'ry Instance they agree;
So like, so very much the same,
The one may go by t'others Name.
Let me proclaim it, then, aloud,
That ev'ry *Woman* is a *Cloud*.

F I N I S.



